

10<sup>d</sup>  
KING SATAN: *KE*

OR, THE

HUNTING of the SENATOR.

A

*New Market TALE,*

T O L D

By an old *Fox Hunter*, and Address'd  
to all true *Sportsmen*.

---

*Non tibi plus placeas, quia multis forte placebis:  
Id specta potius, qualibus ipse places.*

---

Verse comes from Heaven like inward Light,  
Meer human Pains can ne'er come by't ;  
The God, not we, the Poem makes,  
He dictates what the Poet speaks.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for *J. Roberts* near the *Oxford Arms* in *Wat-  
wick-lane*. 1724. [Price One Shilling.]

*Octob. 1723.*

THE GREAT

OF THE

THE GREAT

THE GREAT

THE GREAT

THE GREAT



THE GREAT

THE GREAT



# Advertisement.



O M E all jolly Sportsmen in  
Cities and Towns,

Love the Sound of the Horn  
and the Cry of the Hounds;

Come buy a new Book, nei-  
ther learned nor witty,

And yet has some Hints in't I fancy will fit  
you :

Tho' the Story be old, yet the Moral is true,  
And for the Performance I leave that to you.

The Poet, poor Scribe, 's within View of his  
Fate,

If you don't help him now, he'll be quite out  
of date.

Then

# ADVERTISEMENT.

Then come my old Chaps, all you that are  
willing,

The Price is but small, no more than One  
Shilling ;

Encourage him now and he'll shew you more  
Sport,

Both in Country, and Town, in City and  
Court ;

Not a Rogue nor a Whore unhunted shall go,  
And when they're all hunted, at last he'll  
hunt you.



KING



( I )



# KING SATAN:

OR, THE

## HUNTING of the SENATOR.



HERE goes a *Tale* of antient  
Date,

How *Satan* once in mighty State,  
Left his *infernal Realms*, and came  
To fair *England* to hunt the *Game*;

An *Island* where there 's *Game* to spare,  
For any *Hunter* that comes there.

B

When

When th' appointed Time was come,  
 His *Majesty* rode out from Home,  
 Attended by as grand a *Train*,  
 As e'er appear'd on *British Plain* :  
 Of *Kings* and *Princes* there were seen,  
 At least a Thousand clad in Green;  
 Who all in ample Manner ride,  
 With Horns and Hangers by their Side.  
 A finer Show sure ne'er was known,  
 Since first *King Satan* fill'd the *Throne*.

Great *Alexander* stout and young,  
 Rode in the Front these *Kings* among ;  
 The *Conqueror* and *Will* his Son,  
 King *Stephen*, *Edward*, and King *John* ;  
 With crooked *Richard*, *Henrys* three,  
 And half that Royal *Progenie*.  
*King Harry* too, by Duty led,  
 Rode at the *English Princes* Head ;  
 Who looking round him chanc'd to view,  
*Old Noll* was got among 'em too :  
 Confound the *Dog* ; are *British Kings*,  
 Says he, become such wretched *Things*,  
 That such a *Miscreant* dares presume,  
 Thus openly with us to come ?  
 For shame, Sirs, let us whip him out :  
*Noll* heard him and so fac'd about,

And

And back to *Oates* and *Ferguson*,  
Curfing all *Kings* enrag'd he run.

Besides all these, as Authors tell,  
Were half the *Kings* of *Israel* ;  
And many *Kings* of *France* and *Spain*,  
From *Lewis* up to *Charlemain* ;  
Some *Emperors* and *Potentates*,  
From all the *Northern Crowns and States* ;  
And all the *Sultans* that Day met,  
Before and after *Mahomet*.

But now to make the *Story* short,  
These *Kings* who still attend the Court,  
Had by their Services above,  
So far engross'd King *Satan's* Love,  
That he sent out his *Proclamation*,  
Directing it to ev'ry *Nation*,  
That on his Honour, Faith, and Word,  
Which, by the way, 's not worth a Turd ;  
That if their *Kings* wou'd come his Way,  
They shou'd be put in present pay,  
And for their *Services* reward,  
He'd make them of his *Body Guard*.

With *Hunting Equipage* the best,  
That Hell afforded, they were drest :

Prepar'd, as we'll suppose, to shew  
 The *Grandeur* of the Court below :  
 With these were intermix'd some *Queens*,  
 Some famous *Whores* and *Concubines*,  
 Who then, as still our *Ladies* do,  
 Love dearly ev'ry Sight that's new.  
 Near them rode *Bullies*, *Bawds*, and *Pimps*,  
 Who are in fact the *Devil's Imps*,  
 And always in a *Body* wait,  
 When e'er *King Satan* rides in State.  
 Nor is't *King Satan's Court* alone,  
 Where *Pimps* and *Whores* attend the *Throne* ;  
*Bawds*, *Pimps*, and *Whores*, are useful *Things*,  
 And oft' of such esteem with *Kings*,  
 That scarce a *Monarch* heretofore,  
 Was ever without half a Score :  
 Who us'd to ply about the Court,  
 And serv'd as well for Gain as Sport :  
 And sure *King Satan* who knows best,  
 What's fit to entertain his *Guest*,  
 Will always have good store of these,  
 His *Creatures* and *Himself* to please.  
 As to the *Ladies* of this *Train*,  
 The *Story* does not make it plain,  
 How they were drest, it only says,  
 The *Ladies* wore in antient Days,  
 A plain and modest riding Dress,  
 As free from scandal as excess ;



And what's remarkable beside,  
 They always rid with their Legs ty'd:  
 I won't, indeed, presume to say,  
 All *Satan's Train* was dress'd this way;  
 I rather think his *Ladies* were,  
 Dress'd much i'the Manner ours are,  
 With *Pettycoats* at least ten Fathom,  
 To shew the *Legs* and *Thighs* of *Madam*,  
 And sometime too their *naked A—*,  
 For that does often come to pass;  
 But since the *Story* has not shown,  
 What *Equipage* these *Dames* had on,  
 I'll leave the *Reader* to determin,  
 What he thinks best will fit the *Vermin*;

Next these well fitted for the Sport,  
 Rode the chief *Dukes* and *Lords o' th' Court*;  
 With *Privy Counsellors*, and those,  
*King Satan* for pure Merit chose:  
 'Mong which are some have serv'd so well,  
 They ought to be made *Peers* of *Hell*;  
 And He'll be thought ungrateful too,  
 If he don't soon give *Them* their due,  
 The Case is plain, who serve him best,  
 Shou'd be preferr'd above the rest;  
 And if there be *Degrees* in *Hell*,  
 As some among the *Learned* tell,

Such

Such Servants should rewarded be,  
 And plac'd next to his *Majesty*.  
 It merits not a second Thought,  
 That *Courtiers* may be sold and bought,  
 For 'tis Encouragement's the Thing,  
 That makes them faithful to their *King* :  
 Take but their *Posts* and *Pensions*, then  
*Courtiers* are but like other Men ;  
 Will rave, and bawl, and rail as loud,  
 As any of the other *Croud* :  
 They all do this, unless some few,  
 Who nothing know what th' other do;  
 Poor blinded *Tools*, who only serve  
 For pure Ambition, and so starve ;  
 All which *King Satan* knows is clear,  
 As by his *Conduct* does appear.

But to proceed, beside all these,  
 Were *Senators* and *Justices*:  
*Prelates* and *Judges* too, who ride  
 Still nearest to their *Master's* Side;  
 That they may ready be at hand,  
 To do what e'er he shall command :  
 For what's a *Judge* or *Bishop* worth,  
 If he at any time flies off,  
 Or boggles, when the Cause requires,  
 To do what e'er the *Prince* desires ?

They

They must not stick at any Thing,  
 Provided they can serve the *King*.  
*Law* and *Religion's* but their *Trade*,  
 Which they must alter or evade ;  
 And if they find that will not do,  
 They must begin 'em both anew :  
 And still in all *King Satan's Reign*,  
 It has been so, and will again.

It would be numberless and long,  
 To mention to you all this *Throng*,  
 And therefore I will lay the *Story*,  
 As short as possible before you :  
 There's not a *Function*, *Trade*, or *Calling*,  
 Since *Eve* went first a *Caterwarling*,  
 Nor yet a *Sect*, nor an *Opinion*,  
 In all *King Satan's* vast *Dominion*,  
 But some of each were on the watch,  
 To see this mighty *Hunting Match* :  
 There was the *Pope*, the *Cardinal*,  
 And Abbots too the *Devil* and all :  
 There were your *Fryers* and *Jesuites*,  
 Your *Monks* and all that sort of *Bites* ;  
*Parsons* and *Vicars* not a few,  
 And Multitudes of *Lawyers* too,  
 From the great *Serjeant*, high in vogue,  
 Down to the *Pettyfogging Rogue* :

As

As for the *Spiritual Court*, we know,  
 They always with *King Satan* go;  
 He is their Master, and the *Knaves*,  
 Are one and all his *Menial Slaves*.

There were the *Sharpers* and *Stock-Jobbers*,  
 And all that Crew of *Kingdom Robbers* :  
 There were the *Beaus*, the *Phops*, and *Cits*,  
 Cast *Poets*, antiquated *Wits* ;  
 The *Drapers*, *Tailors*, *Cooks*, and *Vintners*,  
 And Crouds of *Bookfellers* and *Printers* ;  
*Jaylors* and *Tipstafs* too were there,  
 With *Bayliffs* lurking in the Rear ;  
 Who tho' their curfed *Trade* was done,  
 Had still the Inclination :  
 I must confess, I am not able  
 To mention to you half the *Rabble*,  
 Who by the Order of the *Court*,  
 Were now let loose to see the Sport.

*King Satan* pleas'd to see this Sight,  
 Who, as they say, sees best by Night,  
 Turning his sawcer Eyes about,  
 First bow'd, then thus he rang'd the Rout :  
 My *Friends*, my *Councillors*, my *Slaves*,  
 And you my trusty *Rogues* and *Knaves*,  
 I greet you well, and thank you all,  
 That you're so ready at my call ;

And



And will, depend on't, this great Honour  
 Acknowledge in the prop'iest Manner.  
 He had said more, but in comes, *Jack*,  
 With *Dogs in couples*, all the *Pack* ;  
 Just twenty *Brace*, and all stanch *Hounds*,  
 Better ne'er run on *Bansted Downs*.  
 The *Lord Mayor's*, Sir, as I may say,  
 shou'd not be nam'd on the same Day ;  
 Nay I'll be bold to say the Word,  
 Nor *Knight*, nor *Squire*, nor *Duke*, nor *Lord*,  
 Can after all their brags produce,  
 A Cry so match'd, and fit for use.

There's *Fidler*, *Dancer*, *Smut*, and *Tounker*,  
 Old *Captain* and his Brother *Bronker*,  
*Soundwell* and *Barebones*, *Jumper*, *Mounter*,  
 Dogs that ne'er change, nor ne'er run Coun-  
 ter ;

They may at first o'er run a little,  
 But that's but owing to their Mettle ;  
 And most good Dogs will do the same,  
 When they first rouse, or start the Game.  
 And then for picking out the Way,  
*Countess* and *Damsel* bear the Sway ;  
 Two better *Bitches* never went,  
 Since *Noah's Flood* on a cold Scent ;  
 But lay 'em on and let 'em try,  
 They'll hit it off tho' ne'er so dry :

A Virtue that is feldom known,  
In any *Hounds* but yours alone.

*Jack* scarce had his Eneomium done,  
But the old *Sportsmen* round him run ;  
Doubtless, say they, the *Dogs* are good,  
But where's the *Country* ? where's the *Wood* ?  
Where we may find *Game* fit for sport,  
To entertain the *King* and *Court*.  
After a little Pause says one.  
Your *Majesty* knows *Christendom* ;  
What think you, Sir, if we advance,  
And try some of the *Woods of France* ?  
I have been there when we have found,  
Great Store of *Game* in ev'ry Ground ;  
And certainly there must be more  
Now, than there was in Days of Yore :  
Says a *French Count*, most mighty Lord,  
He's much mistaken on my Word :  
*Lewis* himself, before his Fall,  
Took care, Sir, to destroy 'em all,  
And since his Death I never heard,  
They either were preserv'd, or spar'd.

You may i' the *Woods of Orleance*,  
Chop on a *Priest* or two by chance,  
And at *St. Germans* and *Versails*,  
Find some *Marques* and *Abigals* ;

And

And now and then a starving *Cur*,  
 A Courtier, not worth hanging Sir ;  
 Or on some *Mississipians* pop,  
 Or threadbare *Tradsman* from his Shop,  
 But they're so poor they're quite unfit,  
 Either for Porridge-Pot, or Spit.  
 Why then what think you, Sir, of *Holland* ?  
 Sir, says *True Britton* they have no Land,  
 Only some stinking *Fens* and *Bogs*,  
 To poison or to drown the *Dogs*:  
 And had they *Game* too to your wish,  
 They smell so ranck, and tast of Fish,  
 You never wou'd endure to touch,  
 A Bit of any Thing that's *Dutch*.

*Flanders* 'tis true's a noble Place;  
 And has had many and many a *Chace*;  
 But now so full of *Game* and *Cover*,  
 No *Hounds* on Earth can run it over,  
 And what's still worse, with Blood so stain'd,  
 A *Chace* can never be maintain'd,  
 Your *Majesty*, as I presume,  
 Does only for *Diversiſion* come,  
 And not to poatch as I know who,  
 When he went out was wont to do.  
 Says an old *Knight* then let's go try,  
 Some of the *Woods* of *Germany* ;

There

There must be *Game* in that *Dominion*,  
 Sir says Count *S*—— that's but Opinion :  
 There are some *Stags* and some *Wild Bore*,  
 But they are gen'rally so poor,  
 By *Jupiter* ! beside their *Skins*,  
 I do not think they're worth two *Pins*.

Says *General W*—— let's go to *Spain*,  
 And so, says *Jack*, come home again ;  
 There's not a *Vermin* there will stir,  
 Unless you love *Priest Hunting* Sir,  
 And they're so plenty ev'ry where,  
 There's no occasion to go there :  
 Beside, the Country's so o're set,  
 There's scarce a fat One to be met,  
 And all the poor ones, by my Troth,  
 Are carrion not worth bringing off.

If I might be so bold to name,  
 I know an *Island*'s full of *Game*,  
 A Place for *Hunting* far more fit,  
 Than any has been mention'd yet ;  
 They call it *England*, and my Lord,  
 The World does not the like afford ;  
 There's *Game* enough of ev'ry Sort,  
 All proper for *King Satan's* Court.  
 'Tis now a Month, or thereabout,  
 Since our great *D*—— and I went out ;

He



He was not well, the Reason was,  
 He vow'd he did not like this *Place*,  
 And had such *Tortures* in his Breast,  
 He could not have a Moments rest:  
 Sending for me, says he, we'll go,  
 To th' other World incognito;  
 I have a mind to understand,  
 How matters go in fair *England*,  
 And *Jack* if you will shew the Way,  
 I'll for your *Pains* and *Trouble* pay.

The *Motion* pleas'd me wond'rous well,  
 And so we instantly left *Hell*,  
 And travell'd, 'till at length we came  
 Nigh to the fertile Banks of *Thame*;  
 On which a famous *Forrest* lies,  
 The big'st e'er seen by mortal Eyes.  
 'Twas here we stop'd to take a View,  
 If any thing was chang'd or new,  
 And finding things much as they were,  
 To this great *Forrest* we repair;  
 Resolv'd to look it roun and then,  
 Home to return to *Hell* agen,  
 For we had only leave to stay,  
 'Till the next Morning break of Day.

*Tinker* and *Pluto* both cole black,  
 The stanchest *Hounds* in all the *Pack*,

Old

Old *Juno* and my *Tarrier Trudge*,  
 Who follow me where e'er I budge ;  
 For every *Huntsman*; Sir, you know,  
 Has still a favorite *Dog* or two,  
 With whom he eats, and drinks, and lies,  
 And caries to all *Companies* :  
 These faithful *Curs* kept close behind,  
 Till coming just before the *Wind* ;  
 And *Tinker* crossing of a *Way*,  
 Snuff'd up his *Nose*, as who should say,  
 There's something in the *Cover* there,  
 I touch the *Scent* and know 'tis near.  
*Pluto* and *Juno*, who both knew  
 What ever *Tinker* touch'd was true ;  
 Claping their *Noses* to the *Ground*,  
 The *Vermin* in a *Moment* found.

When we came nearer to the *Place*,  
 We found he was of *Human Race*,  
 Yet look'd so fierce and wild a *Creature*,  
 The like was never seen in *Nature*.  
 My *Lord*, who saw me much surpriz'd,  
 Told me this *Vermin* was *disguis'd* ;  
 I've often seen the *Brute* before,  
 He's an *Outlying Senator* ;  
 And by the way, i'll tell you *Jack*,  
 He is a *Match* for all your *Pack* ;

H'as

H'as so much *Craft*, and runs so well;  
 He'd baffle all the *Hounds* in *Hell* :  
 I wish I had them here, quoth I,  
 We'd soon his *Craft* and *Swiftness* try,  
 I'd hold my Head to Half a Crown,  
 Before 'twas Day we'd pull him down.  
 Whilst we behind the *Thicket* stay'd,  
 The *Vermin* hearing all was said,  
 Altho' he kept the *Dogs* at *Bay*,  
 Thought it not longer safe to stay,  
 And so with all the Speed he cou'd,  
 Away he bounds to the next *Wood* :  
 Says I, do'ye think I've never run  
 A *Senator*, yes, many a one ;  
 One *Season*, 'tis not long ago,  
 We'd very little else to do ;  
 I'm certain, Sir, that near this *Place*,  
 We kill'd at least a hundred *Brace*,  
 Or blow'd 'em, which is much the same,  
 After they ne're were fit for *Game* :  
 Of this, Sir, I've a *List* to shew,  
 To any that desire to know.  
 His *Lordship* smil'd, so on we pass,  
 Till coming where was store of *Grass*,  
 Whole *Herd*s of *Brutes* by hunger led,  
 Promiscuously together fed ;  
 Who, tho' they all were *Beasts of Prey*,  
 Yet here together quiet stay,

All waiting for the proper Hour,  
 When they each other might devour.  
 I should detain you, Sir, too long,  
 With the *Description* of this *Throng* ;  
 Nor, if I wou'd, could I describe,  
 So vile, so mix'd, so strange a *Tribe* ;  
 But if you please to go and see,  
 I'll shew you such variety,  
 Of strang amphibious new made *Creatures*,  
 So fierce and savage in their *Natures*,  
 That tho' y'have travell'd o're, and o're,  
 The *Globe* a thousand *Times* and more,  
 Ne're saw a Sight like this before.

Well, says *King Satan*, be it so,  
*Jack* sound your *Horn* we'll thither go,  
 And if you can but bring't about,  
 That we this *Senator* find out,  
 I'll treat the *Company* with ten *Tun*,  
 Of the best *Gin* that ever run :  
*Jack* blew his *Horn*, away they fly,  
 Horrour and *Darkness* fill the *Sky*,  
 'Till, to the very *Brake* they came,  
 Where he propos'd to find the *Game*.

*Tinker* and *Pluto* who both knew,  
 The *Place* again, and *Juno* too

Try'd



'Try'd round and round, but could not find  
him,

'Till *Dancer* and old *Drunkard* wind him :

Hark forward, hark, says *Jack*, that's good,

He lies below in yonder *Wood*.

Looe hark to *Cover*, hark *G---Zoons*,

Quickly uncouple all the *Hounds* ;

If we can give the *Dogs* a View,

They'll better know what they've to do :

Hark *Dancer* doubles, hark to *Smut*,

*G---* curse you all, the *Game's* on foot,

The *Dogs* are *Running* at full Cry,

And not one single *Creature* nigh.

Unless he chance to turn about,

By *Mahomet* we're all thrown out :

Look out and see which way he takes ;

Yonder he goes down to the *Brakes* :

Says an old *Sportsman*, by my *Master*,

I ne'er saw any thing go faster.

And if he holds as h'has begun,

We shall have thund'ring Sport anon.

D---- him, says *Jack*, he can't be strong,

H'has lain lurking here so long :

He to his *Character's* but just,

All *Senators* do their best at first :

But let us drive him from this *Cover*,

His speed, you'll find, will soon be over.

D

Ride

ry'd

Ride to the *King* and let him know,  
 Which way his *Majesty* must go ;  
 If he's thrown out he'll *dam* and *swear*,  
 And raise such *Weather* in the Air,  
 That not a bit of *Scent* will lye,  
 The Ground's so cursed hard and dry.

Hark, hark, they *hollow*, here he comes,  
 Yonder I see him, there he runs,  
 Full up the Wind upon the *Fyle* ;  
 Now where are all these *Kings* the while ?  
 They stain the Ground, our Sport they hin-  
 der,

Are good for nothing but for *Tinder* :  
 Our Monarch too himself's not worth  
 A turd for *Hunting* by my troth ;  
 And if he could not Souls ensnare,  
 Better than he can *Hunt*, I'll swear  
 By *Jupiter*, and *Mahomet*,  
 All *Hell* wou'd quickly be to let.  
 I wish that *He* and's *Guard de Cour*,  
 Were safe in *Hell* again I'm sure,  
 For that's the Place where they should go,  
 Who nothing of true *Hunting* know.  
 Sir, if you please to ride and try,  
 To keep him from the *Wood*, whilst I  
 Go cheer the *Dogs*, I see old *Thunder*,  
 Looks back and crys it, so does *Wonder* ;

A certain Sign that they want Help,  
Or else they'd ne'er look back and yelp.

Why *Jack*, says he, the *Scent* lies high,  
And there's good *Weather* in the Sky ;  
The *Dogs* look well, and seem in breath,  
As well as any *Dogs* on Earth ;  
But if they do not like this *Scent*,  
That's what we never can prevent :  
There are some *Scents* the *Dogs* don't care  
for,  
Tho' we know neither why nor wherefore,  
This may be one for ought we know ;  
Truly, quoth he, it may be so.

Whilst they were speaking, by he bounds,  
At least a Mile before the *Hounds* :  
*Jack* blew his *Horn*, the *Huntsmen* hollow,  
And all the *Kings* full gallop follow :  
And now, indeed, did all they cou'd,  
To keep the *Vermin* from the *Wood* ;  
But all was to no purpose done,  
H'had reach'd it and away was gone.  
*Nick*, *Will*, *Nat*, *Tom*, *Old Dick*, and *Ralph*,  
Did all they cou'd to keep him off :  
They were old *Sportsmen* all, and knew  
What *Difficulties* must ensue ;

D 2

But

But maugre all that could be done,  
 He pass'd 'em, and away he run.  
*Jack* scratch'd his Head, blasphem'd, and  
 swore,

He'd never be recover'd more ;  
 The Cover is so thick and strong,  
 The *Dogs* can hardly get along,  
 And there is so much *Game* to boot,  
 I fear they'll never make it out.  
 I've often at *New Market* seen  
 A *Hare*, that has hard hunted been,  
 Altho' the *Hounds* have been the best,  
 That e'er were bred in *North* or *West*,  
 If she once to the *Lines* got,  
 They could not touch the *Scent* a Jot ;  
 However, let's go try, says he,  
 'Twill satisfy his *Majesty*,  
 That even his choicest *Hell-hounds* may  
 Be over match'd in their own way.

The *Dogs* came up, young *Mounter* led,  
 And sometimes *Flurry* got a head ;  
*Dancer* and *Jumper*, both good *Hounds*,  
 As ever laid a *Nose* to Ground ;  
*Thunder*, a Dog of mighty Strength,  
 And *Wonder*, who runs best at length,  
*Tinker* and *Pluto* forwards press'd,  
 Nor was old *Smut* behind the best :

These



These run so equal, that indeed  
 None could say which excell'd in speed;  
 In short, the Cry went so together,  
 None could ascribe the Praise to either,

*Jack* pleas'd to see them run so well,  
 Crys out, most potent *King of Hell*,  
 No *Prince* i'th Universe can shew  
 A better *Pack* of *Hounds* than you;  
 And, I believe, Sir, you'll allow,  
 Your's ne're were better than they're now,  
 Nor never under more command,  
 As by this Chace you'll understand:  
 This *Senator*, without dispute,  
 Is a damn'd sturdy crafty *Brute*;  
 Has every *Trick*, and *Art*, and *Wile*,  
 Both *Dogs* and *Hunters* to beguile,  
 And if your *Hounds* wer'nt staunch and good,  
 He'd lose 'em in this very *Wood*.  
 No *Fox* can better run the *Rough*,  
 Nor *Stag* nor *Buck* go better off,  
 And yet they follow him so close,  
 That for his *Skin* he can't get loose.

Hark, hark, to *Mounter* there's a View,  
 He never crys it but 'tis true,  
 The *Dogs* too all know *Mounter's* Tongue,  
 And know he's never in the wrong:

Hark

Hark *Wonder* too a *View* has got,  
 Curse me they'll kill him on the spot,  
 Unless that he can soon break *Cover*,  
 I'll pass my Word the *Sport* is over :  
 Not *hunted Hare*, nor *Fox* can run,  
 With greater *Art* than he has done,  
 Yet all his *Arts* must prove in vain,  
 When such *staunch Hounds* the *Chace* maintain.

Whilst *Jack* was bragging, News was  
 brought,  
 The *hunted Brute*, as swift as Thought,  
 Had left the *Cover* and was got,  
 Before the *Dogs* twice ten Bow shot,  
 And run with such exceeding *Might*,  
 That he'd be quickly out of sight.  
 D--- him, says *Jack*, if this be so,  
 I find we have more work to do ;  
 But let him run, for all his haste,  
 I'll pass my Word h'has run his last:  
 Says old Sir *Edward*, who knew Sport,  
 Better than any 'bout the *Court*,  
 And had more *Chaces* run by far,  
 Than any *Sportsman* that was there,  
 If he can reach the *Herd*, for that  
 Is what, I fancy, he'd be at,

You'll

You'll find it very hard, I doubt;  
 To get the subtile *Vermin* out :  
 For that, says *Jack*, he's too much blown,  
 And if they'll let the *Dogs* alone,  
 They'll smoke his Arse so by and by,  
 He either must take *Soyle* or die,  
 He has no other Remedy. }

As for the *Herd* I don't much fear 'em,  
 They will not suffer him to come near 'em;  
 And if he take the *Soyle*, we may,  
 Perhaps, Sir, bring him to a *Bay* :  
 Quoth *Satan*, that's the only Thing,  
 That you can do to please your *King*.

I've *hunted* many a *Senator*,  
 But never one like this before ;  
 And 'tis my fancy that all *Hell*,  
 Cannot produce his *Parallel* :  
 There are some *Senators*, indeed,  
 Most *Brutes* in some respects exceed,  
 But this so far exceeds the rest,  
 That all they've done is but a *Jest*.  
 A *Jest*, quoth *Jack*, that I suppose,  
 And where their *Jests* will end who knows ?  
 But what if like this *Senator*,  
 They carry on the *Jest* too far ?  
*Jack*, let 'em carry what they will,  
 'Tis better for my *Kingdom* still ;

Pro-

Provided I but have my *True*,  
 I value nothing what they do :  
 But listen, *Jack*, the *Hounds* are nigh,  
 I hear 'em running at full *Cry* ;  
 Yes, Sir, directly to the *Pond*,  
 That's vulgarly call'd *Rosamond*.

Have you not seen a *hunted Deer*,  
 Perceiving that his fate was near,  
 When he had *run* his utmost length,  
 And wasted quite both *speed* and *strength*,  
 To some adjacent *River* go,  
 Swim cross in hopes to shun the *Foe* ;  
 Where on the *Side* he panting lies,  
 Cover'd with *Water* to his *Eyes*,  
 'Till the sagacious *Hounds* o'er take him,  
 And there a dire *Example* make him.

Or have you never seen a *Hare*,  
 Hard press'd and driven to despair,  
 After a thousand *Shifts* sh'has made,  
 The *Dogs* and *Hunters* to evade ;  
 Finding them now so near at hand,  
 That she can't long expect to stand,  
 Take a dead *Leap* to some old *Form*,  
 Where she lies trembling and forlorn,  
 'Till guided by her fatal *Scent*,  
 The *Dogs* find out which way she went,

And



And then poor *Puss* grown stiff and cold;  
 They either tear from out her *Hold*,  
 Or else she's taken up alive,  
 For which young *Sportsmen* always strive,  
 And look upon it mighty honour,  
 To him that first lays Hands upon her:  
 So fares it with this *Senator*,  
 Who finding all his *Shifts* are o'er,  
 And finding too the *Dogs* so near him,  
 That 'tis impossible to clear him,  
 Takes to the *Soyle*, hoping in vain,  
 That he may there some respite gain.

I see him now make t'wards the *Pond*,  
 As you have heard, call'd *Rosamond*;  
 But how they came to call it so,  
 May I be curs'd, Sir, if I know;  
 It might as well 'be call'd *Jane Shore*,  
 Or by the name of any *Whore*,  
 Which might perhaps have done as well,  
 And been more apt and parallel:  
 It seems to me, upon my Soul,  
 A very stinking nasty *Hole*,  
 And ev'n reflects upon the Name,  
 Of the fair *English* courtly *Dame*.  
 Some *Fools* in Love, or in *Despair*,  
 Indeed have made their exit there;

E

But

But with submission, that does not,  
 I think, commend the *Place* a Jot :  
 I grant, if *Rosalind* had been  
 Appriz'd of *Henry's* jealous Queen,  
 And shelter'd in or near this *Place*,  
 There might be something in the *Case* ;  
 But as I never read or heard,  
 She ever beyond *Woodstock* steer'd,  
 I must suppose, pardon me Sir,  
 The *Name* is ill deriv'd from her.  
 Excuse me for this long *Digression*,  
 So clearly out of my *Profession* :  
 I shou'd not meddle with these *Matters*,  
 T'nt good to fish in troubled *Waters* ;  
 But as the *Hint* is a propos,  
 I beg for once you'll let it go,

*Jack*, says the *King*, *Apologies*  
 Are Nonsense as the *Case* now lies :  
 Whilst we are *Running* of our *Game*,  
 Then ev'ry *Sportsman* is the same,  
 Or if *Distinction's* to be made,  
 'Tis to the *Huntsman* to be pay'd,  
 For he's the *King* o'th' Feild that Day,  
 So I your Complement repay.  
 Indeed when we come home, why then,  
 You're but plain *Jack*, I *King* again :

But

But setting Complements aside,  
*Jack*, to the *Pond* directly ride,  
 The *Dogs* run hard, and will be there,  
 Before you, if you ha'nt a care,  
 And then you cannot for your Blood,  
 Save him a Moment if you wou'd.  
 Above all *Vermin*, I desire,  
 To see this *Senator* expire ;  
 I can't suspect, before he dies,  
 But he'll make some *Discoveries*,  
 That may hereafter be of use,  
 To me and my *infernal Host*,

Says an old *Lord*, a *Sportsman* true,  
 As e're wore *Belt*, or *Hanger* drew,  
 He is not, Sir, so near his End ;  
 He'll shew you other *Sport* depend ;  
 I saw him as he pass'd just now ;  
 And if I ought of *Hunting* know,  
 He runs so strong, and leaps, and bounds,  
 He only dallies with the *Hounds* :  
 For crossing of the *Pond*, perhaps,  
 He may do that to wash his Chaps :  
 And cool his Legs, and so prevent,  
 The leaving of a burning Scent :  
 This *Vermin*, by his way of running,  
 I find wants neither strength, nor cunning,

And can you judge that he will die,  
 In such a *Pond* as this ? Oh fie !  
 I'll hold ten thousand, Sir, to one,  
 Before the *Dogs* come there, he's gone,  
 And may be, left the *Forrest* too,  
 As he before he dies will do.

Sir, if I thought 'twould not offend,  
 I have a *Tale* I'd recommend :  
 I was, great Sir, an *English Peer*,  
 A *Sportsman* too, as most are there,  
 And was no sooner fit, but sent,  
 To fill a *Place* in *Parliament*.  
 From *Parliament* I went to *Court*,  
 For that's the very next *Resort*,  
 Where, to speak truth, 'twas my Intention,  
 Either to get a *Post* or *Pension* ;  
 I got 'em both, I serv'd my *Prince*,  
 As others do for *Post* and *Pence*.  
 This *Prince*, to make my *Story* short,  
 Lov'd *Fox Hunting* above all Sport ;  
 And, I believe, there ne're was known,  
 A *keener Sportsman* on the *Throne* :  
 How he fell after to disaster,  
 And how his *Hounds* eat up their *Master* ;  
 Time and the nat'ral *Course* of *Things*  
 Have left a *Pattern* for all *Kings*.



As he one Night at Supper fate,  
 Some of his *Waiters* chanc'd to prate,  
 On *Bagshot-Heath*, a *Fox* there lay,  
 Carry'd their *Geese* and *Ducks* away ;  
 Stole all the *Chickens* and their *Hens*,  
 And plunder'd both their *Roosts* and *Pens*,  
 And often grew so very bold,  
 He'd take young *Lambs* from out the *Fold*.  
 The King provok'd this News to hear,  
 Vow'd that he'd very soon be there,  
 And try, if possible, to *kill*  
 The *Vermin* that had done this ill.

He scarce had spoke, but up there came  
 A noble *Lord* that lov'd the *Game*,  
 Your *Majesty* I know loves *Sport*,  
 So, I believe, does all your *Court* ;  
 But, Sir, not one in ten that go,  
 Do any thing of *Hunting* know :  
*Courtiers* and *Cits*, and such like *Lumber*,  
 May serve to multiply the Number,  
 And ride their *Prancers* round the *Heath*,  
 'Till *Horse* and *Man* are out of breath ;  
 But that is all they're good for, Sir,  
 Unless to rob your *Harbinger*.

You're

You're pleas'd to say, that you deter-  
min,

If possible, to kill this *Vermin* ;  
Then leave these *Cuckolds* here at home,  
They'll do but *Mischief* where they come ;  
Hollow the *Dogs*, perhaps *ride* o'er 'em,  
Or still be gallopping before 'em :  
If you'll destroy him, Sir, you must  
Let all the *Earths* be stop'd up first ;  
The *Dogs* and *Huntsmen* too go down,  
And lye at some adjacent *Town* ;  
Your *Majesty*, and all your *Train*,  
Should be by *Four* upon the *Plain*,  
That so you may, without delay,  
Throw off the *Dogs* by break of *Day* :  
The *King*, who heard him with delight,  
Told him that all he said was right ;  
Pray if you please, my *Lord*, do you  
Direct the *Huntsmen* what to do,  
And give what *Orders* you think fit,  
And I'll with all my heart submit.

His *Lordship*, as you well may guess,  
Soon got *Things* in a readiness ;  
And so one *Morning*, before *Day*,  
To *Bagshot-heath* we took our way :

We

We had not try'd, I'm very sure,  
 Above a Quarter of an Hour,  
 Before a *Country Fellow* cry'd,  
 The *Fox* is gone by the *Park Side*;  
 He run as if the *Devil* was in him,  
 Which made me think that you had seen  
 him.

What is he stole away, crys *Dick*,  
 By *Heavens* we'll shew him *Trick for Trick*;  
 Unloose the *Dogs*, and lay 'em on:  
 And here so strong a *Chace* begun,  
 That the old *Sportsmen* vow'd and swore,  
 They ne'er had seen the like before;  
 And, I believe, the like agen,  
 Will ne'er be seen by *English Men*.

The *Dogs* no sooner touch'd the *Scent*,  
 But chearfully away they went;  
 By nat'ral Emulation led,  
 Each press'd and strove to be at head;  
 Whilst *Reynard* flew for Life and Death,  
 To ev'ry Corner of the *Heath*:  
 O'er ev'ry *Pond* and *Brook* he swam,  
 Through ev'ry *Brake* and *Thicket* ran,  
 Try'd all the *Earths*, and still he found,  
 There was no shelter under *Ground*:  
 Listning he heard the *Dogs* draw near,  
 Which more and more increas'd his Fear;  
 What

What he shou'd do, he does not know,  
 Nor whither, nor which way to go :  
 At last, collecting all his strength,  
 I'll e'en, thinks he, run out at length:  
 I'm so hard press'd, and so surrounded,  
 With Doubts and Fears so much confound-  
 ed,

That I'm oblig'd with speed to try,  
 This last and only Remedy.  
 So down the *Road* a Mile and more,  
 The crafty *Vermin* went I'm sure,  
 Which was so full of Sand and Dust,  
 That very oft the *Scent* was lost ;  
 But as his *Destiny* drew on,  
 A Man that saw which way he run,  
 Hollows, and shews the fatal *Hole*,  
 Through which, says he, just now he stole :  
 The *Dogs* no sooner try the Ground,  
 But which way he was gone they found,  
 And altogether at full Cry,  
 O'er Hedge and Ditch away they fly.

*Reynard* who distant Terrour feels,  
 Had now no refuge but his Heels,  
 And so kept forward 'till he came,  
 Directly to the *Banks of Thame*,  
 Where standing between Hope and Fear,  
 Thinks he, these *Curs* will soon be here ;

What



What shall I do? I e'en must try,  
 To *swim* it over here, or dye;  
 So in he leaps, and o'er he got,  
 But 'twas with much ado, God wot:  
 When he on Shore had set his Foot,  
 To stay, thinks he, it is no boot,  
 So shaking of himself, and so forth,  
 Away with all his might he goes off.

'Twas not a Minute, I dare swear,  
 Before the *Hounds* and we were there,  
 And when we came, by *Jove* we knew  
 Not what to think or what to do:  
 The *River* was, from Side to Side,  
 At least two hundred Fathom wide;  
 Beside, the Stream was then so strong,  
 We thought no *Fox* could get along;  
 Only old *Chivers* curst and swore,  
 He'd dye if he was not gone o're.  
 The *King*, indeed, and all the *Feild*,  
 Would not to that Opinion yeild,  
 Judging no *Fox* that ever was,  
 A Stream so wide and rough could pass:

Whilst all the *Huntsmen* in a *Ring*,  
 Stand like the *Greeks* about their *King*,

F

And

And ev'ry one his Verdict spent,  
 Which way the *Fox* his *Course* had bent ;  
 All diff'ring too in their Opinion,  
 As *Folks* do oft' about *Dominion*.  
 A Man who saw him swimming cros,ss,  
 Perceiving we were at a Loss,  
 Holds up his Hat, as who should say,  
 Your *Game's* come o'er and gone this way :  
 The *Hounds* no sooner heard him hollow,  
 But in they scour, the *Huntsmen* follow,  
 With some few desp'rate *Sportsmen*, who  
 Ventur'd to swim the *River* too.

The *King*, and sure there ne'er was born  
 A *keener Sportsman*, look'd in scorn,  
 That he who all the Morning led,  
 And hardly once was from the Head,  
 Had broke more desperate *Leaps* by far,  
 Than any *Hunter* that was there,  
 Should now be forc'd to go about,  
 And run the risk to be thrown out :  
 I'll swim the *River* too, says he,  
 But, Sir, says *Dick*, that need not be,  
 For if your *Majesty* will go,  
 But to the *Ferry* here-below,  
 You'll overtake the *Hounds*, before  
 Any of them can be got o'er.

What

What after in this *Chace* befel,  
 Would make my *Tale* too long to tell,  
 And therefore, Sir, we'll leave it now,  
 Only with a *Remark* or two.

By Five i' th' Morn our *Sport* begun,  
 And held 'till setting of the Sun ;  
 In *Hampshire* where he first was found,  
 He led us such a smoaking *Round*,  
 That down from *Nimrod's* Time 'till now,  
 The never was the like, I trow.  
 When we had run him there 'till ten,  
 And almost kill'd both Horse and Men,  
 Then next as if h'has got new Breath,  
 He led us over *Hounslow Heath*,  
 Swims cross the *Thames*, a thing ne'er done,  
 By any *Fox* but this alone :  
 When he was got on t'other Side,  
 All *Arts* and *Stratagems* he try'd,  
 I'm certain, Sir, a hundred more,  
 Than I e'er knew a *Fox* before.  
 When he had run half *Surrey* through,  
*Woods*, *Brakes*, and *Warrens* not a few ;  
 O're Hedge and Ditch away he went,  
 Into the very Heart of *Kent*,  
 Where in a *Horse-pond* he lay down,  
 I' th' Middle of a little *Town*,

And

And there before he could get out,  
 The *Dogs* incompass'd him about ;  
 Old *Drunkard* took him by the Nose,  
 And so, at last, to pot he goes.  
 What after at this *Hunting* past,  
 And how this *King* was lost at last ;  
 As some about you better know,  
 I'll leave it, Sir, for them to shew.

Thus I have troubl'd you with a *Tale*,  
 That will to after times prevail ;  
 A *Tale*, which I affirm to you,  
 In each particular is true,  
 And will, perhaps, recorded stand,  
 How erst the *King* of fair *England*,  
 Hunted a *Fox* from Sun to Sun.  
 And kill'd him too before h'had done.

Now, Sir, this *Tale* in some degree  
 May serve to shew your *Majesty*,  
 That tho' a *Vermin* swims a *Pond*,  
 He is not so run to a stand,  
 But he may run again as stout,  
 As he had done had he kept out.  
 The *Fox* I mention'd *swum*, I'm sure,  
 O'er *Rivers*, *Ponds*, and *Brooks* a score,  
 And wou'd have swum as many more,  
 And still run stouter than before.

}  
 Your



Your *Huntsman* is to hasty, Sir,  
 To think this crafty *Senator*,  
 Will drop so soon, you'll find he'll run,  
 At least to th' Rising of the *Sun* ;  
 And ten to one, for all *Jack's* haste,  
 If you don't lose him too at last ;  
 These *Senators* have a thousand Shifts,  
 A thousand cunning *Arts* and *Drifts* ;  
 They know all *Lanes* and ev'ry *By-way* ;  
 As well as *Thieves* that rob on *High-way* ;  
 And if you narrowly don't watch him,  
 Sir, I'll be curs'd if e're you catch him.

Whilst they were speaking came one staring,  
 Blaspheming, cursing, damning, swearing,  
 And told his *Majesty*, in short,  
 If you don't *ride* you'll lose the *Sport* ;  
 The *Vermin*, Sir, has cross'd the *Water*,  
 And all the *Hounds* are following after,  
 And if he reach the *Burrough Wood*,  
 This *Cover* is not half so good ;  
 Nor is there half that Store of *Game*,  
 Of ev'ry Sort, both *wild* and *tame* :  
 That Spot of Ground in most *Opinions*,  
 An Emblem is of your *Dominions*,

And

And if this *Senator* thither gets,,  
Against the *Hounds* I'll lay my *Betr.*

To this the *King* in haste reply'd,  
I wish I were on th' other Side :  
As I believe I take your *Hint*,  
By the *Burrough Wood*, you mean the *Mint* ;  
A *Place* where they are all my *Friends*,  
Which now I'd see for several *Ends* ;  
For as they've wisely let 'em loose,  
They'll be to me of general use,  
And therefore, Sir, before they free 'em,  
'Tis requisite that I shou'd see 'em :  
Sir, if I wanted fifty *Brace*,  
Of *Rogues* and *Whores* that very *Place*  
Wou'd furnish me, and all as good,  
As ever shelter'd in a *Wood* :  
Thus having spoke he spurr'd his *Steed*,  
And o'er he flew with all his speed.

It was not long before he came,  
Where *Jack* was trying for the *Game* :  
Why *Jack*, says he, what have you done ?  
Quoth *Jack*, these *Dogs* have over run,  
And if they are not lay'd on right,  
We shall not kill the *Toad* to Night :

*Dam*

*Dam* these *Outlying Senators*,  
 They are such shifting subtile *Curs*,  
 May I be ever curs'd, if I,  
 Know very well which way to try ;  
 Besides, to speak the Truth, I doubt,  
 That we shall hardly make it out ;  
 So many *Parsons* bob before 'em,  
 The *Dogs* are ready to run o're 'em ;  
 And if they were not all as staunch,  
 As e'er took *Senator* by the Haunch,  
 They wou'd have chang'd, considering too,  
 How nat'rally they that *Game* pursue :  
 I'm very certain, half the Cry  
 Hunt *Parsons* from *Antipathy*,  
 And wou'd, if they were let alone,  
 Kill and destroy 'em ev'ry one.

Not ev'ry one, good *Jack*, says he,  
 There you and I must disagree ;  
 Were they all kill'd we soon should want  
 In several Countries *Game* to hunt :  
 From the *Non Con* up to the *Pope*,  
 They are our chief and certain Hope,  
 And still in ev'ry *State* and *Nation*,  
 Serve us in their *respective Station*.  
*Jack*, since the Truth on't you must have,  
 Some *Priests* *dam* ten for one they save ;

There

There has not been this thousand Year,  
 As from our Annals will appear,  
 A Massacre, or any Plot,  
 Worth mentioning, where they have not,  
 In some respect or other been,  
 Direct, or indirectly in.

Curse 'em, says *Jack*, I know that too,  
 But what's that to our *Hunting* now,  
 Hark *Mounter* crys it, he's gone off,  
 Now *Senator* have at your *Buff* ;  
 They'll warm your Tail, and if they've  
     stood,  
 Between the *River* and the *Wood*,  
 And kept him back as they shou'd do,  
 If they did ought of *Hunting* know,  
 Then to escape us I defy him,  
 He's run so hard, the *Dogs* so nigh him.

All this before I heard you say,  
 But, *Jack*, they hollow, hark away ;  
 See the old *Sportsmen* how they ride,  
 Full speed along the *River* Side :  
 It looks as if they'd had a *View*,  
 And if you please, Sir, so may you ;  
 Yonder he's *swimming* cross the *River*,  
 Confound his *Heart*, his *Blood*, and *Liver*.

I've



I've been a *Huntsman* twice threescore,  
 But never saw the like before,  
 And, I believe, the oldest Man,  
 In your *Dominions*, hardly can  
 Produce an Instance of a *Brute*,  
 So subtile and so very stout.

*Jack*, you have quickly chang'd your Tone,  
 Just now you swore he was your own,  
 And you would kill him, that you wou'd,  
 Before he should get out o'th' *Wood*;  
 And in the *Pond* you seem'd so sure,  
 That I, myself, thought all was o'er :  
 But as you *Huntsmen* brag and lye,  
 From very old Authority,  
 I think, y'are now not much to blame,  
 Since all true *Sportsmen* do the same.  
 I have at several *Matches* been,  
 Where I've with Pleasure heard and seen  
 A thousand Things that I could mention,  
 Above all human Comprehension :  
 It pleases me to hear 'em tell,  
 Things morally impossible ;  
 And swear and curse, much as you do,  
 That ev'ry Word they spoke was true.

G

Quoth

Quoth *Jack*, I'm glad with all my Heart,  
 I can your *Majesty* divert,  
 And sure you like me ne'er the worse,  
 Because that I can swear and curse,  
 For could I not do that and more,  
 I was not fit to serve you sure.

The Clock struck Three, the *Sportsmen* all  
 Land at a Place yclip'd *White Hall*;  
 A famous *Grove* where heretofore  
 Were *Game* of ev'ry Sort great store,  
 So much they'd often break the *Mound*,  
 And stragled all the *Forrest* round.  
 But now this erst so happy *Grove*,  
 The Scene of Friendship, Source of Love,  
 O'er-run with Weeds, neglected lies,  
 Our Scandal and the World's surprize,  
 And has no *Game* at least but few,  
 And those are good for nothing too.  
 More had been spoke but comes a *Man*,  
 Down from the House of *Buckingham*,  
 I saw, says he, the *Vermin* press,  
 Just now into the *Wilderness*,  
 Where if your *Majesty* so please ;  
 He may be sav'd alive with ease ;

The

The *Huntsman* may be time enough,  
 To stop the *Dogs* and whip 'em off ;  
 And then y'have nothing else to do,  
 But single out a *Dog* or two,  
 And let them set him up at *Bay* ;  
 And this was wont to be our way,  
 And 'tis the best we can contrive,  
 When we would save the *Game* alive.

Quoth *Satan*, I'll take this Advice,  
 So off he gallops in a trice ;  
 But scarce was to the *Thicket* got,  
 Before the *Hounds* had set him up ;  
*Jack* whip'd them off, and swore and curs'd,  
 But sev'ral *Dogs* had pinch'd him first,  
 And would have kill'd, and eat him too,  
 In spite of all that they could do,  
 Had not some *Hunters* got between,  
 And sav'd him 'till the *King* came in ;  
 The trembling *Brute*, half dead with Fear,  
 Perceiving that the *King* was near,  
 Resolves, as his last Shift, to try,  
 What he could do by *Flattery*,  
 Well knowing *Flatt'ry* was a Thing,  
 Had oft' prevail'd on many a *King*,

As I myself can mention one;  
 By *Knaves* and *flatt'ring Rogues* undone;  
 Which shou'd make ev'ry *Monarch* jealous,  
 Of those about him over Zealous:  
 There are so many Sorts of Zeal,  
 A *Prince* knows scarce with whom to deal;  
 And he's a wise one who can know,  
 Whether they *flatter* him or no.  
*Kings* therefore shou'd this *Rule* pursue,  
 When they are *flatter'd*, *flatter* too,  
 And always to themselves be true;  
 And thus, as I know who avers,  
 They circumvent all *Flatterers*,  
 Defeat the *Projects* and *Designs*,  
 Of all their *flatt'ring Catalines*.

But waving *Censures* and *Dispute*,  
 And to return to th' *hunted Brute*,  
 Who stood like *carted Bawd*, or one,  
 From Pillory just taken down:  
 After h'had shook himself and bow'd,  
 He thus cajol'd the *King* and *Croud*.

Great *Emperor* of the *Realms infernal*,  
 Whose *Reign* and *Government's* eternal;  
*Prince* of the Night, most potent Lord,  
 Of all that *Earth* and *Air* afford,

To



To whom ten thousand *Princes* bow,  
 Low as your *humblest Slave* dos now :  
 Dread Sir, Oh mighty *Potentate* !  
 Grant to a *Wretch* in view of Fate,  
 A short *Reprieve* that he may know,  
 Wherein he has offended you :  
 And so may own his Fault, or clear it,  
 If you, great Sir, will deign to hear it,

Well you shall have a short *Reprieve*,  
 Not that you must expect to live,  
 And that, Sir, you must merit too,  
 By something I expect from you.  
 I grant that you have been a *Rogue*,  
 A greater never was in Vogue,  
 And that you scarce knew *Wrong* from  
*Right*,  
 E're you began to be a *Bite*,  
 And so for that you need not plead,  
 'Tis granted all that can be said :  
 I know there is no sort of *Vice*,  
 Of which you have not had some Spice,  
 Nor *Villany* that e'er was done,  
 By Mortal underneath the Sun.  
 Many young *Heiresses* and *Heirs*,  
 Y'have bought and sold like Horse at *Fairs* :

Ruin'd

Ruin'd whole Families, and set  
 Good old Estates so far in Debt,  
 That they could ne'er again get free;  
 From *Mortgages* and *Usury* :  
 Y'have betray'd, forswore, and so forth,  
 But these are petty *Crimes* of no worth ;  
 Your *Betters* all have done the same,  
 And I don't think they've been to blame ;  
 If they will but support my *Throne*,  
 I value not which way 'tis done :  
 But as the Matter stands with you,  
 I have a *Question*, Sir, or two :  
 I'm told y'have been a *Senator*,  
 Then answer me, much honour'd Sir,  
 How you at first got in, and how  
 You came to be disbanded now ?

Most mighty *Prince*, I'll answer both,  
 As true as I was on my Oath :  
 And first, I speak it to my sorrow,  
 I brib'd a little nasty *Burrough*,  
 And gave 'em all that I had got,  
 By *tricking*, *cheating*, and what not,  
 In hopes, for I was such an Elf,  
 To sell my *Vote* and pay myself.

How!

How ! sell thy Vote ? says an old *King*,  
 I never heard of such a Thing ;  
 He that will sell his Vote by *G*—  
 Will sell his *Country*, *King*, or *God* ;  
 And what vile *Rascals* must they be,  
 Who sold their *Votes* at first to thee.  
 Were I their *King* I'd cut the Throat  
 Of ev'ry *Villain* fold his *Vote* ;  
 Nor shou'd I have a Moments ease,  
 'Till I destroy such *Rogues* as these.  
 Pray, says *King Satan*, hold your Tongue,  
 Old *Hall* you're mightily i' th' wrong,  
 There was a Time I well remember,  
 After you was the Faith's *Defender*,  
 When you brib'd too, 'tis on Record,  
 And therefore not another Word.  
 Pray let the *Senator* go on,  
 The Day draws nigh, we must be gone.  
 Says he, great Prince, if they'll but hear,  
 I'd make the Thing so plain appear,  
 That you that know all Matters best,  
 Wou'd think I had been much oppress'd.

To ev'ry Treat I was invited,  
 And often told I shou'd be *knighted* ;  
*Dukes, Lords, and Squires*, where e'er they meet me,  
 First complement, then kindly greet me.

And

And thus, Sir, full of Expectation,  
 That I shou'd share the *Wealth* o' th' Nation,  
 I gave my *Vote* as I was bid,  
 Without confid'ring what I did;  
 Or knowing why or wherefore 'twas,  
 The *Bill* we shou'd *reject* or *pass*.  
 At all *Committees* of *Election*,  
 The only Time to shew Affection,  
 I still attended with my *Vote*,  
 Either to keep in or throw out;  
 Nor did I once neglect the *House*,  
 When e'er my *Vote* cou'd be of use:  
 Thus having divers *Sessions* past,  
 And finding nothing come at last,  
 And all the *Posts* and *Pensions* settl'd,  
 You must believe, Sir, I was nettl'd.

Quoth *Satan*, I must own 'tis hard,  
 Always to serve without *Reward*,  
 And did I use 'em so in *Hell*,  
 I could not hope to be serv'd well;  
 Therefore my constant Care shall be,  
 To serve them best who best serve me.  
 But, *Senator*, We'll let this pass,  
 I only want to know the *Cause*,  
 How you came thus to be postpon'd,  
 Neglected, slighted, and disown'd,

And



And how you came to fly the Pit,  
 That's what I never heard of yet.  
 Some of you at a *Prorogation*,  
 Have step'd aside upon *Occasion*,  
 But I ne'er heard of *one* 'till now.  
 Run quite away before but *you*.

Sir, if you'll spare me but a little,  
 I'll tell you that too, to a tittle;  
 Some of the *Managers*, I hear,  
 Did not approve my *Character*,  
 And gave me out for such a *Fool*,  
 I was not fit to make a *Tool*,  
 And so revil'd me too, in short;  
 That I was pointed at at Court:  
 B'ing thus oppress'd, disgrac'd, undone,  
 I headlong into mischief run,  
 'Till I was forc'd at last to fly  
 To avoy'd, *dread* Sir, the *Pillory*.

Curse me, says *Noll*, if I before,  
 E're heard of such a *Senator*:  
 When I presided there were some,  
 I think, excell'd all *Christendom*,  
 Yet bring their *Actions* to the touch,  
 And this exceeds them all by much;

For tho' the *Vermin* has not Sense,  
 Yet he has *Pride* and *Impudence*,  
 And those will qualify, almost,  
 A *Senator* for any *Post*.

Sir, shall I ask you, if you please,  
 In your Time were there Store of these:  
 To speak the Truth, for I won't wrong 'em,  
 I was the only one among 'em;  
 There were good store of *Yeas* and *Noes*,  
 And such like *Lumber* too as those,  
 But none I know of went so far,  
 To fly the Pit as I did Sir.

Well, says the *King*, should I believe you,  
 I can't see how this can retrieve you;  
 If you have nothing else to say,  
 Here he began to beg and pray;  
 If you'll vouchsafe to spare me now,  
 By your own mighty self I Vow,  
 That you hereafter ne'er shall want  
 A *Brute* of any Sort to Hunt:  
 I'll serve you, Sir, both Day and Night,  
 With all my Arts, with all my Might,  
 And when you please to order me,  
*Dread Sir*, I'll always ready be.  
 Quoth *Nob*, If I may speak a Word,  
 This *Senator*, most mighty Lord,

If

If you think fit to spare the *Brute*,  
 May serve you here without dispute,  
 Which he can never do below,  
 As you and all your Court must know.

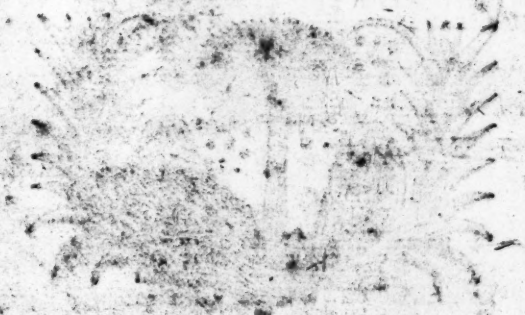
On your Account he shall be spar'd,  
 But, Sir, if you don't keep your Word,  
 I'll send such Furies up to fetch you,  
 I'll pass my Word will overmatch you.  
 Thus having spoke away he flew,  
 Back to his *Hell* with all his *Crew*:  
 What happen'd after his return,  
 We'll to another *Tale* adjourn.



*F I N I S.*

At you and all your Country now  
Which he can never be away  
May have you here  
If you think it is a way

On your Account he shall be paid  
But Sir, if you don't keep your Word  
I'll send him back up to God's yard  
I'll pay my Word, I'll overmatch you  
Thus having spoke away he flew  
Back to his City with all his crew  
What happened after that time  
Went to another time



THE  
END